

The Washington Times Magazine Page

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

A Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift by
WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Growing Child

Seeds of Tuberculosis
KEEP HIM WELL
U. S. Public Health Service.

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILD WELL.

The Washington Times has arranged with the U. S. Public Health Service to answer all questions submitted by its readers in regard to the health of the child.

Address:
Child Health Editor,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

your city healthful, you must try to keep well yourself.

FRESH AIR DID IT.

Not long ago the teacher in one of our city schools noticed that a delicate child of ten years was coughing a great deal and growing pale and thin. The school doctor examined the child and found that she had tuberculosis. After a visit from the school nurse, the parents consented to let the little one go to a sanatorium in the country. Here she had the right kind of food, and plenty of fresh air night and day. At night she slept in a cosy bed out on the porch. She stayed there six months and then returned home rosy-cheeked, plump, happy and strong. The fresh air did it all.

Now that she is back in the city, she attends an open-air school. In this school, even in the coldest weather in winter, the windows are kept wide open. This gives every child plenty of fresh air and you can see by their fine red cheeks and their erect and sturdy bodies that it does them lots of good.

There are now over five hundred open-air schools in the United States. Some of them are for children who have tuberculosis; others are for children who are run down in health and likely to get tuberculosis. The open-air schools help them to grow strong so that tuberculosis can't get a hold on them. Such schools are a blessing and we should have many more of them.

All of us need a great deal of fresh air to keep us strong.

HEALTH authorities have agreed that the control of tuberculosis demands primarily care of the health of children. More and more they have found that it is in childhood that the seeds of tuberculosis are planted.

Prior to the year 1882, no one knew what caused tuberculosis. In that year, however, Dr. Koch, the famous German scientist, discovered a very minute germ which he named the tubercle bacillus, and which he demonstrated was the cause of many different forms of disease in various parts of the body. Study of the tubercle bacillus showed that it grows best in dark, moist places, and that bright sunshine easily kills the germ.

Experience has also shown that while no medicine which one can buy will cure tuberculosis, yet the disease may often be entirely arrested if the patient lies in fresh air, eats good food and gets sufficient rest.

KEEP STRONG.

There is one simple rule to follow, which will make it very unlikely that tuberculosis will lay hold on your child. In fact, by following this rule children will be protected against many other diseases. That rule is:

KEEP STRONG. If you keep your body strong and well, it will fight off the germs of disease so that they cannot harm you. And here are some smaller rules to make you keep strong:

1. Always breathe fresh air. Never sleep, study, work or play in a room without a window open.
2. Eat nourishing food and drink plenty of pure water. Avoid food that is hard to digest, like heavy pastries. Never eat or drink anything that weakens the body.
3. Make sure that everything you put into your mouth is clean. Wash your hands always before eating and bathing your whole body often. Clean your teeth every day. Do not smoke.
4. Exercise every day in the open air. Keep your shoulders straight. Take many deep breaths every day.

If you wish to be a crusader against this ogre and wish to keep

The Halloween Party

A CIRCUS CLOWN.
A circus clown any size may be made of wire and dressed in colored crepe paper Pierrot fashion—one half his costume one color, the other half another. The clown's head is a circle of wire covered with white crepe paper, with the features done in ink. His costume should be finished with a big ruffle at the neck, at the wrists and ankles. The wire for his legs should be run through a large round piece of cardboard and turned back; this acts as a standard so the clown can stand alone.

The circus trapeze can be made of brown twine tied to the ends of a short rope stick, or may be a circle of wire covered with brown crepe paper and suspended by one piece of brown twine.

CIRCUS GAME.
Mark off two large spaces on the floor of a room, a veranda, or lawn. Name one space "The Circus Wagon" and the other "The Forest." Name all the children except two or three after animals and

tell them they may roam around in the forest. Name the two or three remaining children Ringmasters and explain that any animal that roams out of the forest may be caught by the Ringmasters and put in the Circus Wagon. The game is for the animals to venture out and the Ringmasters to imprison all of them in the Circus Wagon as they are caught.

MENU.

Animal crackers: Pink Lemonade (lemonade with grape juice to color it).
Bread and butter sandwiches cut in animal shapes.
Cookies cut in animal shapes.
Ice cream.

A Daily Recipe

AFTER-SCHOOL CAKES.
Keep out a little batter when making cakes, thin with milk and water mixed till it runs freely; pour on a buttered tin and bake in a hot oven; while warm cut into strips and brush over with a little white of egg, cover with chopped nuts and put back to brown.



"Now Good Digestion
Waits on Appetite,
and Health on Both"

Of course, you are anxious to serve in one of the better homes, aren't you? You can—most of the good maids—the above-the-ordinary maids—find the positions they want by reading Times Want-ads. The family of the first class, wanting a maid of the first class, uses a Times Want-ad as a matter of course.

Better homes—better maids—
The Times is the bond between

Copyright

Follow This Great Serial Here, Then Watch
for It in Motion Pictures Personally
Directed by Albert Capellani

"The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by permission of the MacMillan Co., has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions and will be released as a Paramount Arcturion picture.

By Winston Churchill.
Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.

THE VARIOUS PROBLEMS.
WITH few exceptions the incidents recorded in these pages take place in one of the largest cities of the United States of America, and of that portion called the Middle West—a city once conservative and provincial, and rather proud of these qualities; but now outgrown them, and linked by lightning limited trains to other teeming centers of the modern world; a city overtaken in recent years by the plague which has swept our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific—prosperity. Before its advent, the Goodriches and Gores, the Warings, the Prestons and the Atterburys lived leisurely lives in a sleepy quarter of shade trees and spacious yards and muddy macadam streets, now passed away forever.

Existence was decorous, marriage an irrevocable step, wives were wives, and the Authorized Version of the Bible was true from cover to cover. So Dr. Gilman preached, and so they believed.

Sunday was then a day essentially different from other days—you could tell it without looking at the calendar. The sun knew it, and changed the quality of its light. The very animals, dogs and cats and horses, knew it, and most of all the children knew it, by Sunday school, by Dr. Gilman's sermon, by a dizzy afternoon connected in some of their minds with eras and a lack of exercise, by cold tea and by church bells, you were not allowed to forget it for one instant. The city suddenly became full of churches, as though they had magically been let down from heaven during Saturday night. They must have been there on week-days, but few persons ever thought of them.

A SAINTLY MAN.

Among the many church bells that rang on those bygone Sundays was that of St. John's, of which Dr. Gilman, of beloved memory, was rector. Dr. Gilman was a saint and if you had the good luck to be baptized or married or buried by him, you were probably fortunate in an earthly as well as heavenly sense. One has to be careful not to deal exclusively in superlatives, and yet it is not an exaggeration to say that St. John's was the most beautiful and churchly edifice in the city, thanks chiefly to several gentlemen of sense, and one gentleman, at least, of taste—Horace Bentley.

The vestibules of civil war interrupted its building, but when, in 1863, it stood completed, its stone unsoiled as yet by factory smoke, its spire delicately pointing to untainted skies, its rose window glowing above the porch, citizens on Tower street often stopped to gaze at diagonally across the vacant lot set in order by Mr. Thurston Gore, with the intent that the view might be unobstructed.

Little did the Goodriches and Gores, the Warings and Prestons and Atterburys, and other prominent people of the town, have that prosperity and spoke of the city with their residential plans! One by one sooty commerce drove them out westward, conservative though they were, from the paradise they had created; blacker and blacker grew the Gothic facade of St. John's; Thurston Gore departed, but leased his corner first for a goodly sum, his ancestor being from Connecticut; leased also the vacant lot he had beautified, where stores arose and hid the spire from Tower street. Cable cars moved serenely up the long hill, where a panting third horse had been necessary, cable cars resounded in Burton street, between the new factory and the church where Dr. Gilman still preached of peace and the delights of the New Jerusalem. And before you could draw your breath the cable cars had become electric. Gray hairs began to appear on the heads of the people Dr. Gilman had married in the '60's, and their children were going East to college.

In the first decade of the twentieth century, Asa Waring still

clung to the imposing, early Victorian mansion in Hamilton street. It presented an uncompromising and rather scornful front to the sister mansions with which it had hitherto been on intimate terms, now fast degenerating into a shabby gentility, but as yet refraining from open solicitation. Their lawns were growing a little ragged, their stone steps and copings revealing cracks.

ONE OF THE OBSCURE ONES.
Asa Waring looked with a stern distaste upon certain aspects of modern life. And though he possessed the means to follow his friends and erstwhile neighbors into the newer paradise of the miles westward, he had successfully resisted for several years a formidable campaign to uproot him.

His three married daughters lived in that clean and verdant district surrounding the Park (spelled with a capital), while Evelyn and Rex spent most of their time in the West end or at the Country Club. Even Mrs. Waring, who resembled a Roman matron, with her wavy white hair parted in the middle and her gentle yet classic features, sighed secretly at times at the unyielding attitude of her husband, although admiring him for it. The grandchildren drew her.

On the occasion of Sunday dinner, when they surrounded her, her heart was filled to overflowing.

The autumn sunlight, reddened somewhat by the slight base of smoke, poured in at the high windows of the dining room, glistened on the silver, and was split into bewildering colors by the prisms of the chandelier. Many precious extra leaves were inserted under the white cloth, and Mrs. Waring's eyes were often dimmed with happiness as she glanced along the ranks on either side until they rested on the man with whom she had chosen to pass her life. Her admiration for him had gradually grown into hero worship.

His anger sometimes roused, had a terrible moral quality that never failed to thrill her, and the loyal button on his black frock coat seemed to her an epitome of his character. He sat for the most part silent, his remarkable, penetrating eyes, lighting under his grizzled brows, smiling at her, at the children, at the grandchildren. And sometimes he would go to the corner table, where the four littlest sat, and fetch one back to him, and sit with him at his white military mustache.

It was the children's day. Upstairs greeted the huge white cylinder of ice cream borne by Katie, the second of the elder maidens, unopposed, greeted the cake, an daffodil there was a rush for the chocolates, little tablets wrapped in tinfoil and tied with red and blue ribbon. After that the pandemonium left the dining room to spread itself over the spacious house from the basement to the great playroom in the attic where the dolls and blocks and hobbyhorses of the parents' generation stoically awaited the new.

SOMETIMES A VISITOR.

Sometimes a visitor was admitted to this sacramental feast, and dear old gentlemen, with a white, high-bridged nose, a slight stoop, a kindly look, and snow-white hair, though the top of his head was bald. He sat on Mrs. Waring's right, and was treated with the greatest deference by the elders and with none at all by the children, who besieged him. The bigger ones knew that he had had a long and successful career, that he had been rich once, with a great mansion of his own, but now he lived on Dalton street, almost in the slums, and worked as the poor. His name was Mr. Bentley.

He was not there on the particular Sunday when this story opens, otherwise the conversation about to be recorded would not have taken place. For St. John's Church was not often mentioned in Mr. Bentley's presence.

"Well, grandmother," said Phil Goodrich, who was the favorite in-law, "how was the new rector today?"

"Mr. Hodder is a remarkable young man, Phil. Mrs. Waring declared, 'and delivered such a sermon, I couldn't help wishing that you and Rex and Evelyn and George had been in church.'"

"Phil couldn't go," explained the unmarried and unmarried Evelyn, "he had a match on of eighteen holes with me."

Mrs. Waring sighed. "I can't think what's got into the younger people these days that they seem so indifferent to religion. Your father's a vestryman, Phil, and I believe it has always been his hope that you would succeed him. I'm afraid Rex won't succeed his father," she added, with a touch of regret and a glance of pride at her husband. "You never go to church, Rex. Phil does."

"I got enough church at boarding school to last me a life-time, mother," her son replied. He was slightly older than Evelyn, and just out of college. "Besides, any heaven can get on the vestry—it's a financial board, and they're due to put Phil on some day. They're always putting him on boards."

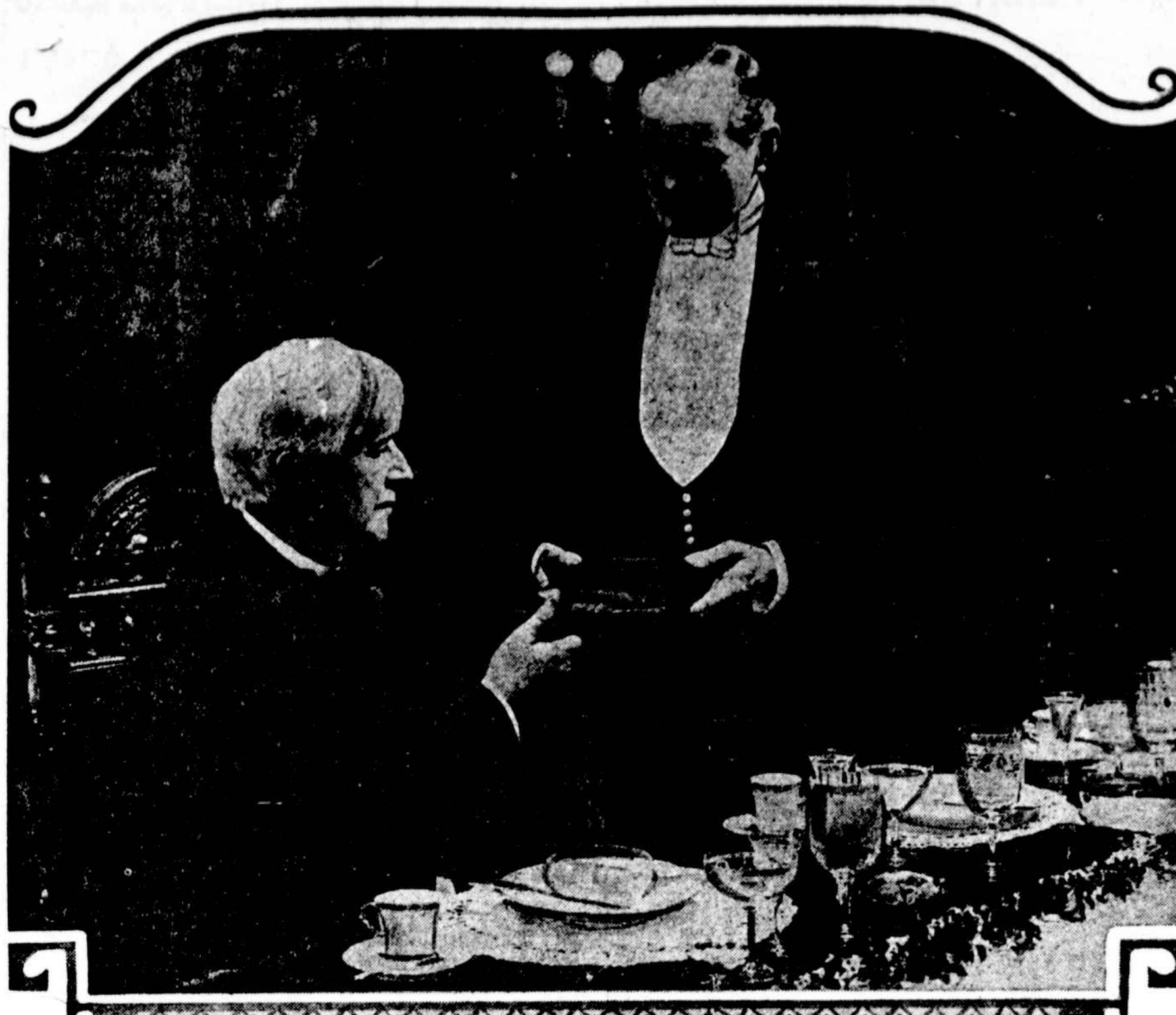
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Coffee Making
I am a New Orleansian and married a northerner, who, being offered so-called coffee made up something in the "delicious" way suggested by Northerners, never could drink said coffee, and always had chocolate for breakfast.

When I married him, my first cup of "drip coffee" was not by any means the last. Now he generally has two cups of coffee every morning.

Furthermore, my mother-in-law has surrendered—and I think that is very, very strong evidence that real drip coffee made in the good old New Orleans style is truly the "Nectar of the Gods."

A NEW ORLEANS BRIDE WITH A YANKEE HUSBAND.



A scene from the forthcoming motion picture, "The Inside of the Cup"—Eldon Parr, the richest man in the city, makes a parting gift to the retiring rector of St. John's as a token of affection for his long and faithful service.

IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

WOMEN FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE.

First there is the girl from the time of birth until speech and walking are acquired. To watch a female child at this age reveals all of the cunning, treachery and meanness of which the animal kingdom is heir. Shorts are made at elders, things are thrown at parents with the most inimitable twistings and snarling of the facial muscles.

From the age of five until twelve the female child quickly develops the tattletale spirit, a girl at this age begins to develop the most hateful kind of class consciousness, meanness, chicanery, duplicity, lying and deceit in the word, action, speech and manner is practised in infinite variety. The deceitful smile she calls herself is a deep dyed in the wool downright subterfuge.

What do we have from twelve to eighteen? Here we have a blending of hypocrisy as shown in religious feeling, buffoonery, foolhardiness, recklessness. But this is the time of life when a girl puts away a great many of the things she

Mashing— What The Times Readers Think.

EVERYBODY TO BLAME.
Who's to blame for mashing? Everybody. The bird that doesn't like to look at a pretty girl died young. And the pretty girl that doesn't like to be admired won't ever born.

WOULD RATHER GO ALONE.

Mrs. Van Winkle said the solution of the gray girting is in girls and movies of the unescorted girls. What is a girl going to do who works all day and who enjoys a movie, but would rather go with a girl friend, and deliver such a sermon, I couldn't help wishing that you and Rex and Evelyn and George had been in church.

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A NEW ORLEANS BRIDE WITH A YANKEE HUSBAND.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble, and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences, and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent. Use only one side of the paper.

Address your contributions to

MARRIAGE EDITOR,

The Washington Times,

Washington, D. C.

used to do and cloaks them in another dress and gets ready for the adult age.

During this age, from eighteen to twenty-five, the girl either gets married or never or seldom has a chance afterward. If a woman learns to suppress her likes and dislikes, if she gives up the impractical idea of independence, makes marriage her chief aim before she enters this period, well and good for her, but if she continues to voice her every whim and desire, if she wants a man to go 99 to 10 to her, if she will fail in marriage like she would fail in everything.

There are too many profligate women, they want everything and want the men to want nothing. They want you to tell them how pretty and nice they are not by words but by spending money and time on them but they never return the compliment.

They practise what they always were taught to practise, deceit. Now, my mother, no doubt, was one of the queens of deceitfulness, trickery and chicanery. If you want me to acknowledge it, there it is in one full swoop. If you want to see how free a lance I am, assimilate that.

I heard one man weeping a few days ago. He said he had been tricked by a sweet young girl. He took her down to Ninth street to go to a movie, but he wound up in a first class theater with real live actors, and later paid for a heavy meal before retiring.

When a woman reaches middle and old age she has no regrets, she has saved many a man and had many a fine time on the honest sex's money.

If I could live like that I would die with a smile on my face also.

NEEDS REAL WOMAN TO BRING HIM TO HIS SENSES.
In reply to the "Person," who signs himself "Victim," I would advise him to go to some island and spend the rest of his life, so he would never come in contact with a woman. Evidently he has been stung, and judges all women by one. But, cheer up, Sonny, I have heard people talk that way before.

You are only a bit narrow-minded and need a real woman to bring you to your senses. If the men were so smart as they think they

view of a woman as the person who signs himself "Victim."

A MOTHER.

LOVE NOT NECESSARY.

Love is not necessary to make marriage a success. When I say to a girl, "I love you; will you marry me?" I will mean that I wish her to be my friend and partner for life. Marriage is an agreement between man and wife to live the rest of their lives together for the purpose of comfort and happiness.

A man and girl should know each other for at least a year to learn each other's ways before they are married. Love at first sight, in the common definition of the word "love," is natural, but it seldom lasts. Love should mean to find each other and to study each other.

When there is the will there is the way, as the old saying goes, and if a man and wife are determined to live up to their agreement at marriage they can and will do it.

G. K.

ALL READY FOR THE ALTAR.

The best friend in the whole world is your mother. Then comes your second mother, who is your wife. No, I am not married, but believe me, just as soon as I find my companion, and when we know we're a pair, the altar for us

J. J. P.

This Day in Our History.

This is the anniversary of the battle of Balaklava, in 1854, in which the famous Ninety-third Highlanders, in the face of overwhelming numbers, stopped the Russian advance. Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade" immortalized the event.

Wholesale Selling Price of Beef in Washington

Prices realized on Swift & Company's sale of carcasses of beef on shipments sold out for period shown below, as published in the newspapers, averaged as follows, showing the tendency of the market:

Week RANGE PER CWT. Av. Price
Ending Low-High Per Cwt.

Sept. 4..... 19.08

Sept. 11..... 19.41

Sept. 18..... 18.68

Sept. 25..... 19.37

Oct. 2..... 18.73

Oct. 9..... 18.16

Oct. 16..... 17.16

Oct. 23 \$13.00 * \$22.00 \$16.05

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

BOOKS

A BUILDER OF THE NEW SOUTH.
By George Tayloe Winston. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This is a story of the life work of Daniel A. Tompkins, who is known as "the father of the cotton oil industry." To his faith in the potential industrial independence of the South is attributed in many minds the great development industrially of that section and the prosperity that has characterized it during the last decade.

So close is his identity interwoven with his country's growth that aside from its interest as the absorbing life story of a great man, the book presents a clear picture of the South in the half-century extending from 1860 to 1910.

FRANKLIN GOLDEN SYRUP

Delightful
Combination of
Quality and Flavor

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company
A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use